

New York Gives Marie Tempest a Headache, but "Good Notices" Act as a Tonic and Relieve the Pain



**English Actress Finds Proof of Local Alliment in Drug Stores and Street Cars—She Also Notes a Difference Between London and New York Play-Goers—Declares that Comic Opera Has Been Killed by Musical Comedy—Will Have Her Own Theatre in London Next Season.**

MAYBE it was the rarefied air of Little Old New York. And maybe it was the flower-laden atmosphere of "Kitty's" apartments in The Seymour. At any rate, Marie Tempest had a headache. "A splitting one!" chuckled Miss Tempest, as it found, in her infinite good-nature, to look on

wouldn't whitewash, and there was a great deal the matter with Susan. She was a star reclining on the silvery crescent of success; still there was nothing about her—not even a dog—to suggest the actress. She seemed more like a nice, comfortable "home-body" who never got closer to the stage than the eighth row in the orchestra. "I'm so happy over the successful way in which 'The Marriage of Kitty' went that I can afford to put up with a little thing like a headache," she said with that merry twinkle in her eyes that makes the footlights at the Hudson look like smoky kerosene lamps. "Maybe my head has been turned a bit by the lovely things said about Monday night's performance. Did you ever see a finer lot of notices? I was so happy Tuesday that I don't think I should have minded all of New York's headaches rolled into one." Miss Tempest folded her hands contentedly in her lap and puckered her mouth in a satisfied smile. "Those may be very good headache remedies they have in the stores," she added, "but I don't think they're to be compared with the curative qualities of good press notices."

"Do you know," she confided, glancing at the floral reminders of one of the season's most successful first-nights, "I was almost sick from anticipation when I walked on the stage Monday night. I was afraid as to how the audience would take the piece. It was a dreadful effort to appear gay-spirited. I was really trembling in my boots, and I hadn't gotten very far in the play before my heart sank so low that I was afraid I would step on it."

"Why?"

"Why? Well, because, after the first greeting the audience seemed to leave me alone. Lines which went big in London were received in silence. All those people out there in front simply sat and stared. I didn't know what to make of

it, unless it was that the audience didn't like either us or the play. I felt like running away and having a good cry in my dressing-room. I had never had quite such an experience. When I was here in 'The Fencing Master' and 'The Algerians' the audiences kept helping me along all the time. Monday night it seemed just as if I was dropped into cold water and left to sink or swim. But when the act was over I discovered something. It was that Americans who go to plays reserve their applause for the end of the act, when it won't interfere with the action. The act is solid food, and applause comes as dessert—isn't that about the way of it?"

"BUT, to have it mixed in, you wouldn't be willing to go back to comic opera, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Miss Tempest with an emphatic tap of her dainty foot. "I will never go back to comic opera, although—with a proud little perk of the head—"my voice is better to-day than it has ever been. Comic opera is dead. George Edwards has killed it with that hybrid concoction called 'musical comedy.' What is it? It is neither rhyme, nor reason, nor humor, nor has it anything which can be bound in a cover and called a score. It is nothing except in most cases silly stuff and in others vulgar trash."

"Kitty" had a long talk when it came to views on the Edwards style of entertainment, and what's more, she wasn't afraid to wish it. This was the only time the Tempest raged.

"No," she repeated, "I shall never return to comic opera. In comic opera we are not given opportunity to exercise what we are pleased to call our brains."

"Do you consider 'The Marriage of Kitty' the best play you have had?"

"Well," hesitated Miss Tempest, "it was a big success in London, but then there was 'Becky Sharp,' you know. I liked 'Becky' very much. I did not play Becky in quite the same vein as Mrs. Fiske. I gave her more the spirit of comedy. But Miss Tempest was on an interesting topic

**CROSMAN AND HELD IN NEW GUISES.**

STRANGELY enough, there will not be a single Broadway opening on Monday night, but the next three nights will be made interesting with Anna Held in "Mam'selle Napoleon," Tuesday; Henrietta Crossman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," at Belasco's Theatre, Wednesday; and the first overheard burlesque of the season on Thursday night.

David Belasco's annual production, because of the artistic beauty and completeness expected of everything from his hands, has come to be looked upon as a genuine event of the dramatic year. For this reason, and the added fact of Henrietta Crossman's prominence as an actress, a critical and expectant eye will be turned on "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" Wednesday night. Miss Crossman has already made a great deal of herself, and it seems to be a matter of course that she will be able to make her. It will be interesting to note what new turn the master-hand of "Zaza," "The Darling of the Gods," and "Du Barry" will take in the play she has built from Emerson Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy." In the play is said to depart radically, in any event, a charming comedy of manners should result. Impertinent members of Miss Crossman's support are Edwin Stevens, John E. Keller, Edith Crane and a certain Florence.

They say Anna Held is quite a new young woman in "Mam'selle Napoleon," the Jean Richens play which has been adapted and supplied with lyrics by Joseph Herbert and with a score by Gustav Edwards. As Miss Held is the season's favorite actress, Miss Held is

even the bright side of a headache. "Headache appears to be the local ailment," she remarked, passing a little white hand over her forehead. "The drug stores seem to be stocked with headache remedies. You see them on the counters and on the shelves. And, on the elevated trains and in the street cars your eye falls on advertising cards which tell you what swift and sure vengeance such-and-such a remedy wreaks on headaches. New York must be wonderfully enterprising in the way of headaches, isn't it?"

Miss Tempest was informed that especially fine crops of headaches were grown in Wall street the year round, and that just at present superior samples of what she considered the chief home product were to be found in the theatrical district.

MISS TEMPEST is a cheerful invalid, as well she might be, since Kitty had been happily married in a week when Julia

and not quite ready to be interrupted. She was talking of the Avenue Theatre, in London, which she is to manage next season.

"Why am I going to enter the managerial field?" she repeated. "Because it is very nice to have a theatre of your own to play in and then again—"

B-r-r-r! buzzed the telephone.

One of the three visitors who were in on the ground floor was evidently impatient to become The Man Higher Up.

And then, there was The Lady of the Gardenias. "You're going to retreat before the invasion?" laughed Miss Tempest. "Well, not before I give you a gardenia and my other and most important reason for securing a theatre of my own. It's this: I think I've been making money for other people long enough. If I can make money for them, why not make it for myself? I'm going to let The Avenue answer the question."

CHARLES DARTON.

Amusements. ST. NICHOLAS SKATING RINK. HOCKEY MATCH. THE DEWEY. THE WHITE SLAVES. ATLANTIC GARDEN. MAJESTIC THEATRE. NEW EMPIRE THEATRE. MAUDE ADAMS. NEW LYCEUM. HUDSON THEATRE. MARIE TEMPEST. HERALD SQ. THE GIRL FROM KAY'S. SAVOY THEATRE. MAXING ELLIOTT. CRITERION THEATRE. GARRICK THEATRE. WHITE WASHINGTON. GARDEN THEATRE. VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. CHARLOTTE WIEBE. CASINO. MADISON. LYRIC. EDEN. Amusements. HUBER'S 14th ST. MUSEUM. LION FACED BOY. JAPANESE ACROBATS. NEW AMSTERDAM. FORTES ROBERTSON. GERTRUDE ELLIOTT. DALY'S. A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE. VICTORIA. FRANK DANIELS. PASTOR'S. WALLACK'S. COUNTY CHAIRMAN. Amusements. BELASCO THEATRE. LESLIE CARTER. WEST END THEATRE. MAJESTIC. BABES IN TOYLAND. CIRCLE. JAS. J. CORBETT. 14th St. Theatre. ROBIE H. MONTAGU. METROPOLIS. HARLEM ORIOLE. Amusements. PROCTOR'S. SARATOGA. THE SWORD OF THE KING. AMERICAN. OUR NEW MINISTER. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THE BEST OF FRIENDS. Brooklyn Amusements. MONTAUK. ANNIE RUSSELL. SKATING RINK. SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK. MONDAY MORNING WONDERS.